THE MERRY BROOMFIELD:

OR, THE WEST COUNTRY WAGER.

To a new Tune. Licens'd according to Order.

A Noble young 'Squire that liv'd in the *West*,
He courted a young Lady gay;
And as he was merry, he put forth a Jeſt,
A Wager with her he would lay.

A Wager with me, the young Lady reply'd,
I pray, about what muſt it be?
If I like the Humour, you ſhan't be deny'd,
I love to be merry and free.

Quoth he, I will lay you an hundred Pounds,
A hundred Pounds, aye, and ten,
That a Maid if you go, to the merry Broomfield,
That a Maid you return not again.

I'll lay you that Wager the Lady ſhe ſaid,
Then the Money ſhe flung down amain,
To the merry Broomfield I'll go a pure Maid,
The ſame I'll return Home again.

He cover'd her Bett in the Midſt of the Hall,
With an hundred and ten jolly Pounds:
And then to his Servant ſtraightway he did call,
For to bring forth his Hawk and his Hounds.

A ready Obedience the Servant did yield;
And all was made ready o'er Night.
Next Morning he went to the merry Broomfield,
To meet with his Love and Delight.

Now when he came there having waited a While,
Among the green Broom down he lies,
The Lady came to him and cou'd not but ſmile,
For Sleep then had cloſed his Eyes.

Upon his right Hand a Gold Ring ſhe ſecur'd,
Down from her own Fingers ſo fair,
That when he awaked he might be aſſur'd,
His Lady and Love had been there.

She left him a Poſie of pleaſant Perfume,
Then ſtept from the Place where he lay;
And hid herſelf cloſe in the Beſom of the Broom,
To hear what her true Love would ſay.

He waken'd and found the Gold Ring on his Hand,
Then Sorrow of Heart he was in,
My Love has been here I do well underſtand,
And this Wager I now ſhall not win.

Oh where was you my goodly Gawſhawk,
The which I have purchas'd ſo dear,
Why did you not waken me out of my Sleep,
When the Lady my Lover was here.

O with my Bells did I ring Maſter,
And eke with my Feet did I run,
And ſtill did cry, pray awake Maſter,
She's here now and ſoon will be gone.

Oh where was you my gallant Greyhound,
Whoſe Coller is flouriſh'd with Gold,
Why had'ſt thou not waken'd me out of my Sleep,
When thou did'ſt my Lady behold.

Dear Maſter I bark'd with my Mouth when ſhe came,
And likewiſe my Coller I ſhook,
And told you that here was the beautiful Dame,
But no Notice of me then you took.

O where was thou my ſerving Man,
Whom I am cloathed ſo fine,
If you had wak'd me when ſhe was here,
The Wager then had been mine.

In the Night you ſhould have ſlept Maſter,
And kept awake in the Day,
Had you not been ſleeping when hither ſhe came,
Then a Maid ſhe had not gone away.

Then Home he return'd when the Wager was loſt,
With Sorrow of Heart I may ſay;
The Lady ſhe laugh'd to find her Love croſt,
This was upon Midſummer-day.

O 'Squire I laid in the Buſhes conceal'd,
And heard you when you did complain:
And thus I have been to the merry Broomfield,
And a Maid return'd back again.

Be chearful, be chearful, and do not repine,
For now 'tis as clear as the Sun:
The Money, the Money, the Money is mine,
The Wager I fairly have won.

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